MEETS PAL ON PIRATE SHIP CRUISING IN PACIFIC

Second Installment of Thrilling Story by Captain Haldon Smith, Whose Vessel Was Sunk by German Raider. Crews Drank Liquor Found on Board.

CAPTAIN HALDOR SMITH.

WRITTEN BY CAPT. HALDOR SMITH, The Late Master of the American Sailing Vessel, R. C. Slade.

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(Captain Haldor Smith, late master of the San Francisco sailing vessel, R. C. Slade, which was sunk by the German sea raider Seeadler in the Pacific Ocean a few months ago, was taken aboard the raider and held prisoner for many weeks, being forced to witness the sinking and burning of many other American vessels. He finally escaped from a small South Sea Island, on which the Seeadler was finally wrecked, and with three other Americans made a 1,600-mile dash in an open boat to a friendly port. Captain Smith just recently arrived in San Francisco and wrote the story of his experiences.)

It is strange meetings seafarers are accustomed to, and yet one would never had suspected, five years ago, when Captain Peterson and I met in Aberdeen—he was in command of the Hugh Hogan then—that we would next clasp hands on a German pirate in the South Pacific.

In those first hurried glimpses of the Seeadler there was a good deal to learn: signs of dissatisfaction among the men, of stern measures on the part of the officers, of the domineering and yet often amusing manner of the commander, Graf von Luckner.

We were treated courteously, however. Like Captain Peterson, of the Johnson, and Captain Southard, of the Manila, who was to join us later, I was given a stateroom by myself, and our stewards were assigned to us as valets. There was a special mess for the three of us. Our mates were given quarters with the American crews, between decks.

We sat up late that night, Captain Petersen and I, and many were the things he told me which proved of value the next morning and later.

It was then that for the first time I got a peep at the doings of the Seeadler; a word, a glance, a hint—such things told of the maraudings of the pirate, in the Atlantic as well as the Pacific, with more sharpness for me than the fuller details, I managed to corkscrew from officers and petty officers and men, by hook and crook.

On the same principle as I had finished my dinner during the pursuit by the Seeadler, I got what sleep was to be had that night, and at 6 in the morning, when daylight had just become full, came the word to return to the Slade and to pack up.

The American colors had been hauled down by that time, though some of the prize crew, as we went over the side, looked sheepish at having spent the night under the enemy's flag.

Then began a little game played by pirates, the game of loot.

I had an ace up my sleeve.

"Take your time," Captain Petersen had told me. "They'll tell you you have so long to get your things, and they'll come and worry you and call you out with messages and fret you all they can, and pack you off in the end with most of your duds left behind. That's what they did to me. And they took what I left."

Not only the sailors and petty officers, but the officers, too, he said, had helped themselves. The masters of both the Johnson and the Manila lost most of their clothes and shoes, and a good deal besides—stolen by their captors.

But I didn't. They'd come to pester me with questions. "Where was this?" and "where was that?" I waved them aside and told them to ask the mates, meanwhile losing not a moment in getting my personal effects together, and so in the end I was the best off of the three of us.

The men got their dunnage together without much loss of time. But when it came to the chest, they didn't have a chance, even if they had been for it. A raggeder crew than the Seeadler's it would be hard to imagine.

The men in the prize crew swarmed about the chest like flies to sugar, and they cleaned it out like an army of ants.

As they went about their tasks on the raider, day by day, they looked like scarecrows or men in a funny theater play. Hardly one of them had more than a single piece of uniform for such times—one, a jacket; one, a cap; another, a pair of pants, and the rest any clothes they had been able to get from the long list of vessels they had sent down.

But for Saturday, when there was a parade every week, they had a dress outfit, and then alone they look like naval men, lined up on the dirty deck of the rusty old tub that flew the German battle flag.

The ten in the prize crew were no better than the rest, and they reminded one of nothing so much as pirates of the kind we used to read about when we were kids while they began the work that was to leave the Slade nothing but a name crossed off the shipping records.

Preiss directed them—and it must be said he did a workmanlike job—as they bored augerholes in the masts. New masts they were, and fine ones: a man could take a pride in them. But there was nothing to do but see them destroyed and grin and bear it, and with the destruction of the schooner nothing else either. Still, one can't help feeling angry at the fortunes of war, when the war is brought to you without invitation by a ship that has nothing to expect except to be blown up by any decent gun that gets within range of her.

DYNAMITE BOMBS IN PLACE READY FOR EXPLOSION

When the holes in the masts were big enough, they put in dynamite bombs.

We watched from the Seeadler, a none too happy little group, and there was no laughter among the ten from the Slade or the nine from the A. B. Johnson, when, with the Slade riding all alone on a gentle swell and her cordage singing a bit, we guessed, under the puffy wind, we saw the masts finally blown out of her.

There she rode, bright with the new paint that had been put on her for her homecoming, and then she lurched, giving a little jump like some one moving in sleep, and there was a puff of smoke from the foot of each mast. It looked like a cardboard boat coming apart; the sticks leaped a little and tumbled crazily with the rigging snarling as if a monster of an invisible cat had played with it, and the masts fell by the board and the Slade rocked. The sound of the bombs came to us tardily, and the crackle of sundered wood and iron and rope half an instant later, and for a moment the schooner lay there, listing a little, with the wreckage alongside like a clumsy outrigger.

Then they started to finish the job.

Copra was the cargo, mind you—copra, that burns like wildfire and brimstone together.

They poured 150 gallons of gasoline into the hold, and fired her at both ends.

It went like nitrate.

There came a puff of smoke, then an ocean of it, rolling out like smoke from a haystack, but heavier and oilier and blacker, and through it a fierce red flame shot, casting a light on the water that now and then gave a light from the motorboat putting back to the Seeadler with the prize crew as fast as they could make it.

It was 10 o'clock on the morning of June 18, the day following our capture, that the Seeadler made full sails and stood to the northeast.

Astern, the Slade dropped hull down, but the smoke and the flame rose above the horizon, leaping venomously and rolling as high as a volcano. Hour by hour we proceeded under a good wind, and hour by hour the smoke rose higher behind us so that we could not lose it.

Again and again I thought of the Bible's pillar of smoke by day and fire by night.

The sun passed the meridian, it set, evening closed in, the full night, and still the Slade burned behind us, and all through the night the red glow of the flaming copra lighted the sky.

Sixteen hours after the Slade was fired I looked once more, and the blaze, though very distant, was still strong.

That was my farewell to my command. I turned in then, in weariness and rage, and finally got to sleep.

The Seeadler was running north, under full sail, and it seemed to me a little contemptuously of the Slade, left behind to burn herself out. But we didn't realize how pleasant that speed was till it had ended and we began the long period of idling about, drifting a good part of the time, taking no advantage of winds that might blow to a port, and using the Diesal engines only when there was prey in sight or turning them over once a week—for ten minutes or so at parade on Saturdays—to keep them limbered up.

Time and again in the six weeks I was aboard the raider we crossed the sea lanes that converge near where the Slade and Johnson had been taken. We were in that immediate vicinity for three weeks on end, lying in wait, and, after the novelty of being held prisoner on a pirate had worn off, it was a heart-breaking job—just the tedium of it, not to mention the little circumstance that if anything but a merchantman sighted us we'd stand a very good chance of being scattered over a large area of water in small pieces.

And somewhere about the crossing line of those trade routes there is, thanks to the Seeadler, a derelict.

BLACKENED HULL SIGHTED BY SHIP'S PRISONERS

Late in June, at about the same latitude and longitude, where we left the Slade roaring afire from stem to stern, the master of the schooner Ottillie Fjord sighted the blackened hull of a vessel.

Perhaps it was the Slade. I would rather think of her at the bottom of the sea. And so, perhaps, it was the hull of the A. B. Johnson, captured three days before the Slade, and in a neighboring part of the Pacific.

At any rate—and there are some indications that it may not have been the Johnson, indeed, probably wasn't—the Germans' attempt to send the Johnson to the bottom had given them a hearty dislike of American sailing craft.

Because the Johnson refused to sink.

I got the story from her captain during those first days on the raider, when we were still new enough at that kind of life to look forward to action of any kind, and to incidents to break the monotony, and of some definite move to come soon and end the long weariness. Of incidents, many unwelcome, there were plenty, but it wasn't till long afterward, when our voyage of ten days in an open boat had ended at Pago Pago, that I felt absolutely sure the dragging days of that episode were done with.

How the Johnson foiled the Germans by her persistence in floating was told me by her skipper, Captain Petersen—his initials are the same as those of his ship, A. B., and his home is in Fruitvale.

The Johnson was bound from Wilapa harbor to Sydney with lumber—green lumber.

The Seeadler, filled with pride at its thirteen sinkings in the Atlantic, had come around the Horn early in June and slipped up toward a place of vantage on the trade routes.

It wasn't the overtaking of the Johnson and the firing of guns and the final boarding that provided the fun; all that was just one of the jobs at which the Germans had made themselves expert by long practice.

But when they had their captive, the Americans got their bit of fun—and it was so much the better because the Seeadler's captain, Count von Luckner, got as mad as a hornet, and with good reason, if you'll admit one can get mad justly at a thing like a ship.

TRIED TO BURN LUMBER TO HIDE HORRIBLE CRIME

First of all they tried to burn the lumber cargo and so put an end to the Johnson. They brought out their very best bombs and placed them at the very best places, and they lighted their finest torches. And every time they tried to set the green lumber ablaze, it smothered the flame or made it as uninflammable a surface as a stone wall, except for the blackening.

Then they tried dynamite. They used all the tricks they knew of, and with the same result—or lack of result.

To jettison the cargo would have been a job, and shell fire seemed quicker, so the guns were taken out from their blinds and the target shooting began.

That's just what it was—target-shooting. They fired with the persistence of a small boy using his new toy rifle on a dead horse; they fired single guns and salvos and fancy carom shots and everything else they knew, and all the time Graf von Luckner, Captain Petersen told me, stood on the bridge shouting orders as if he commanded a battle fleet in action, and cursing and dancing and spilling great strings of German oaths on the blue Pacific, and still the Johnson kept afloat, no more perturbed than a rhinoceros at a swarm of mosquitos trying to bite it.

Shell after shell they pumped into the schooner, and she shells burst and wrecked and sent out a hail of splinters, and not a sign of a fire started. They shot the masts out, they shot the rigging to nothing at all, they shot the bridge and the house and the poop into smithereens, and in the end they shot the stern completely away. And except for the damage to the woodwork it all had no more effect than the count's "Donnerwetters."

Shooting the stern away put an end to their last chance, for the Johnson got waterlogged, and after that twenty pirate Dreadnoughts could not have done much more, I guess.

So, in the end, the count took out the rest of his anger in beating his officers at checkers, and the Seeadler sailed away, and the waterlogged hulk drifted off, a derelict, and Captain Petersen and his officers and men took up their existence on the raider with a three-day head start over us of the Slade. No one has any love for a derelict, but I daresay it did their hearts good to see the Johnson hold her own that way till the Seadler had to give up in disgust.

So that was why the Germans were delighted to find copra in the Slade, and not green lumber; next to a cargo of dynamite, copra probably gave them more satisfaction than anything else would have, short of clothes or eggs.

And whether it was the hulk of the Johnson or the Slade that was sighted by the Ottilie Fjord later on, believe me, the Fjord had a close call.

It was such prey the Seeadler was looking for, and the first cry would have sent her bearing down on anything that couldn't have put up a fight.

NO LOOKOUT AT NIGHT BECAUSE LIGHTS WERE OUT

By night there was no use to keep a lookout for prizes—they knew all vessels in those parts of the Pacific were sailing without lights, if they obeyed orders.

But by day, however, they kept two lookouts aloft.

And it is worth while remembering this: They did not trust the sailors. The lookouts were petty officers, and there were two of them in the royal yards—one in the fore and one in the main—and they had with them unusually powerful glasses, giving a range of vision of thirty miles in any direction.

There was much else for me to pick up on the Seeadler, and plenty of time for doing it. For a time there was occupation in trying to count the number of Germans aboard. It was like the game a prisoner makes to pass the time in his cell. They came and they went, below, on deck, aloft, fore and aft, busy at all kinds of jobs, and as they went about, as hard to keep track of as cards being shuffled. I tried to follow them, one by one, and as a group. Sixty, seventy, sixty-two, sixty-four—all those came as the total time and again, but the one I believe is right is sixty-eight. Let it go at that.

And there was one other not a German, besides us of the Johnson and the Slade. He was a Dutchman—a Hollander taken with the rest of the crew from the first of the Atlantic prizes. Much as the Germans of the crew had to put up with—and they showed and felt it when they dared—and much as we Americans were forced to endure, it was nothing beside what that Dutchman went through.

But there was no sympathy for him from men or officers; he was a sea lawyer, a trouble-maker, a snarler, and if he got never an hour's rest no one worried over it but himself.

The mention of him brings me to one of the strangest features of the whole business, which is that the Germans employed their prisoners, if they were willing to work, and paid them in German paper money. The American crews worked, and they were paid.

The Germans had done the same thing in the Atlantic, and when the three hundred or so prisoners were landed at Rio, this Hollander was picked out with the rest to be put ashore. Those who had worked were paid off. It was then the Dutchman unknowingly signed on for the voyage in the Pacific. He made a remark about the German money, which wasn't, in fact, very nice, and which happened to be overheard by the count.

CLAPPED INTO THE BRIG BECAUSE HE OFFENDED

Then the name of Germany was defended in Graf-like force and with seamanlike words, and the upshot of it was the Hollander was clapped in the brig, and never a sight of Rio did he get. From then on he scrubbed and spliced and did the dirtiest of work and, besides that, played valet to the German officers, washing and ironing and patching clothes for them, and he was kicked and shoved around till life must have gotten a tiresome job, and for all his complaints he only got worse. But in the end, when the prisoners were paid off after the wreck of the raider on Mopeha, he was paid off in full, like the rest.

Our sailors were glad of the opportunity to work. There was nothing else to do, and when you're drifting about, or poking north one day and south the next, with no sign of ever making port, it's a relief to have a task.

Sixty marks a month was the pay given the men, and all of the crews of the Johnson and the Slade took it. The Johnson men, not as fine a lot as mine—I'd call them hoboes, for the matter of that—were given such jobs as scrubbing paint, while the crew of the Slade got sailors' work—splicing, repairing sails, overhauling blocks. They worked from 6 in the morning till 11, and took three hours for dinner, finishing up between 2 and 5.

But what they'll do with the paper money they were given on the island is more than I can tell.

Perhaps their keeping the prisoners at work was a matter of policy; busy men have less time for trouble-making than idle.

And perhaps that is why they drove their own men so hard. But certain it is that the German sailors were disgruntled, and, in the face of the sharp methods of their officers, they gave signs enough of their dissatisfaction.

In all the six weeks that I was aboard the Seeadler there never was a time when the brig was empty, and at such moments as the grounding or the destruction of the raider the German sailors made their delight evident, despite the black frowns of their superiors.

And a hell hole that brig was, too! When the vessel went ashore and the water came shoulder-high in the cell there were three men in—drunk from booze tapped in landing of the stores, when we Americans did all we could to get them drunk, as a matter of policy, to be explained later.

Now that I'm back, I see often enough accounts of mutiny in the German navy, and they are easy to understand, after what we saw on the raider.

It wasn't that they were always like Fritz. He was a poor duffer who was always in hot water. Once he took a knife to a petty officer, again he brawled with another sailor, sometimes he was disrespectful.

But there were more significant incidents in those Saturday parades, which nearly always caused some one to be sent to the brig—and they feared it, too.

They were hauling braces one day, when a sailor said: "I hope she blows to hell with all on board." The count, lying near-by in a hammock, overheard. At the Saturday parade he had the man brought before him. There was no semblance of officer-like dignity—the captain swore, raved, waved his arms, gave the man a half-hour tongue-lashing, and in the end sentenced him to fourteen days in the brig and three weeks of the silent punishment; he might speak to no one for those three weeks after he had left the brig, and no one might address him, under penalty of fourteen days 'imprisonment.

Nor was that the only time the count read the riot act to them nor the only time muttering brought him to a fine anger.

BRIG A "HELL HOLE" AND FEW WANTED SENTENCES

The galley was 'tween decks, and the brig was next this. Between was an iron partition, with the galley stove against it. So small was the brig that a man couldn't stand up in it, nor could he lie at full length. There was one barred hole, set high, no other ventilation.

Imagine that, if you can, in the heat of the equator, often without a sign of a breeze, for days and days on end.

But it was by the use of such over-strict methods that the officers sought to keep the men in check, and perhaps without them matters would have gone to a head in a different manner than they did.

For the officers, however, there was little hardship. Food they had, and drink and tobacco in plenty, and if their clothes needed mending now and then, they were far from being in the situation of the ragged men with their harum-scarum, hodge-podge uniforms.

All of the best from the stores of the captured ships went to the officers—canned goods, delicacies, the choicest staples, and drink, too. Their German patriotism didn't keep them from drinking Scotch whisky or French wine, most extensively, and they could have taken a bath in beer any day. For all that, however, they attended to business strictly.

Also they smoked cigars from Havana, America, Java, the Philippines, Porto Rico. All the tobacco centers of the world seemed to have been drawn on especially for their benefit by the ships they had taken.

It was soon after the Slade was captured, and the count was reading the newspapers we had, that this business of smoking aroused him one day to the boiling point.

We had gotten rather chummy, and I was in his cabin when he turned to me, waving a paper:

"Here," he said. "Such rot! Look! Read this! It says they are smoking sauerkraut in Germany! Did you ever? Nonsense; does it look like that, now tell me?" 'and he thrust a cigar upon me, a handful of cigars. They were very good.

But much of this came afterward, when it seemed as if the days would never end, and it was while things on the Seeadler were still of interest, and we hadn't turned all our attention to the future that was to be so full, that there came a break in the dull business of laying in wait.

This was the capture of the schooner Manila, the third victim of the raider in the Pacific. It occurred July 8, and through it I came upon an old acquaintance.

July 8 is the date in my little pocket diary that has after it just the one word, "Manila." Looking at it now, the whole affair comes back vividly, and the wonder that the ten souls on the Manila got through it by chance alive—and through no fault of the Germans.

I cannot help admitting now that we—the American prisoners—were happy when we sighted the Manila. There is just that strange working on the human mind in such imprisonment as we had been subjected to as makes one welcome any event, even if it may not turn out well for our fellows.

STILL IN THE DOLDRUMS WHEN MANILA IS CAUGHT

We were still in the doldrums, and at the moment had on more sail than usual. It was a squally day, with the light coming in spots and sometimes just flashes as the clouds broke, and the sea was running a bit—it was a heavy, lumpy sea. The weather, in fact, was dark and dirty and rainy; the kind that would make any break in the dreariness seem worth while.

Captain Petersen of the Johnson and I were standing aft on the poop, when from the lookouts came the cry that turned the attention of all toward the Manila.

A little bit more and she would have got by unsighted, for a vessel like that doesn't ride high, and what with the rain and the spotted sky and the general lowering look of things—it was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon—she might not have been picked up, with a fair amount of luck.

But with the sighting of her there was a great scurring, the men running to their stations, officers bawling and the engines beginning to work for the business of the chase.

Captain Petersen and I felt rather out of it, standing there as spectators and prisoners, and then the work of the minute got into me and my blood began to stir, and by the time it had come to a question of using the guns it seemed to me I had as much a hand in the work as any one aboard.

And, in a way, it was well I did, for in the end it was I who pointed out to Graf bon Luckner that the Manila had hove to and caused him to order, "Cease firing" at a time when he would have been more pleased than not to have sent a shot straight into the schooner and make an end of an irritating task.

There were four guns on the Seeadler—two machine guns that could be shifted anywhere on the railing and two four-inch guns that were used to do the real business.

Both the latter were forward, directly under the forecastle head. And both were hidden by blinds. I had seen, on first coming aboard, how they were laid out, but it was something more to watch the Germans go into action, if even against an unarmed schooner, with ruses that Captain Kidd would have used had they been mechanically possible in his day.

The four-inch guns were set close to the bulwarks, and so they could not be seen, when under cover, except from the raider herself.

MANILA UNDER FULL SAIL WHEN RAIDER FIRED ON HER

How the battery worked when coming from under this blind—camouflage, I take it, is the word to use here, though it wasn't much in use when the Slade began her last voyage—was a thing to watch.

The Manila was plunging along, with full sail, when the Seeadler picked her, not so very far away, and took up the pursuit.

The Diesel engine—built for a much larger ship than the raider—was spinning the brass propeller, and the raider quivered as she plunged her nose down and the stern stuck out of the water, but with that and the superior sail spread she crept up fast on the schooner, and as Petersen and I were watching, and, almost without knowing it, making bets on whether she'd get away or not, the Germans opened fire.

The guns weren't hidden now! The gallant rails had been dropped, the top railing, on hinges, had been swung out, and the long noses had a clear sweep. The gun crews looked navy-like enough now to please any one, bending, standing at attention, holding their mouths open so the noise of the shots wouldn't break their ear drums.

The first shot sent a great clatter through the length of the Seeadler; a sharp and echoing noise, and the flash lighted the forepart of the ship with a red glow under the thick skies.

"They got her!" some one cried.

"No, there she goes!"

"They haven't got the range yet."

"She'll get away."

"Not a chance."

The excited chatter was all about us. The poop was too far from the scene of action for me. I left Captain Petersen and hurried forward. The Germans paid no attention to me, and I remained by the gun stations till they had fired the last of the three shots that brought the Manila around.

And during that time there was a good chance to watch Graf von Luckner. At the beginning he was calm enough, but as the chase kept up and the Manila seemed to be dodging in the shadows and through the increasing seas, he grew excited, till at the end he was fairly beside himself.

At the second shot he cried:

"Now, if they're killed, it's their own fault!"

And as he spoke the clouds closed up again and in the murk the schooner was lost to view. The Seeadler kept on, but it was like a blind dog, not sure of which way its prey lies.

Minute by minute the captain stormed or paused in his mutterings to try to pick up the schooner once more, and around him officers and men stood silent, afraid to offer a word. Five minutes passed so, ten and the hopes of us Americans rose again; twelve, and no sign of the Manila; fifteen—and then the clouds opened again, and a beam of light came from the sky and fell full on the little schooner, scurrying like a scorched cat across the water, and headed for us.

(To be continued.)

WELCOME SUFFRAGE

English Morning Papers Says It Ends a Wrangle Troubling Country for Years.

[By Associated Press].

LONDON, January 11.—The morning newspapers welcome heartily the decision of the House of Lords on woman suffrage, which gives the vote to about 6,000,000 women and ends the long wrangle which has troubled the country for years. It is true that the third reading of the bill is yet to be taken and a motion to submit the question to a referendum is to be disposed of, but it is not believed that this has any prospects of success even if pressed to a vote.